

Bushwick Bill

"Times Is Hard"

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[Verse 1]

Times that is hard as a 25 years
Ain't got a dime and ain't seen a chick in a year
I'm catching drama from my mama on down
It's rough as fuck, but homie, I'm staying down
Now I have done everything from Everclear to sherman
sticks
I sold dope around town
I'd stomp niggas down
Rolling through my hood like a superstar
Turning corner after corner in my brand new cars
These hoes used to call me baller
But that was 'fore I lost my grip, now they barely even
call a
Player cause they know I'm broke
No Rolex and no Benz, just spokes (shit)
Now that I'm back to life, and that I'm back to reality
Got one life which ain't shit without a salary
I'm spitting game so y'all can feel me
Man, I'ma make it out the ghetto if it kills me
And Lil' Jay will make it real
Y'all know the deal

[Verse 2]

Now if it wasn't for moms I wouldn't have no world
You stood tall through it all, so you go, girl
I know things ain't all they used to be
I had to slow my roll, see, trouble's getting used to me
I gots to make you a proud mother
No more crack slanging, I gots to be a proud brother
And take control of my destiny
I can't let these streets get the best of me
It's kinda rough starting over but it's worth the pain
Instead of getting stuck with the same ol' same
Stretched like a rubberband, busting flicks
In the pen for life with some off-brand tricks
Ain't nobody knowin about the pain you feel
I'ma change my life, mama, that's on the real
I pray to God He make you feel me
Man, I'ma make it out the ghetto if it kill me
And mama, that's real

[Verse 3]

No more playing mack daddy for you skeezers
I got one lover, I love her, so I'ma please her
And leave you tramps alone
Since I'm getting shit straight, I'm starting at home
Now which one of y'all was down and didn't clown when
I was sleeping on the flo'
My real girl, that's who, that's why I love her so
Got two sons and no daughters
I'm barely feeding both of my kids but I still gots to be a
father
That I used to want pops to be
This ain't no dis to ya, pops, cause you're still my g
I'm on a long road to nowhere if I don't change
Life with no crime on my mind feels strange
Working like a motherfucker, slick like a Benz seat
Backing off my old hustle, trying to make these ends
meet
I pray to God he make you feel me
Man, I'ma make it out the ghetto if it kills me
And niggas, that's real

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